

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO. 3.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1863.

WHOLE NO. 742.

THE TRIAL:

A TALE,—FROM LAFONTAINE.

[CONTINUED.]

"WITHOUT hope of recovery!" repeated Emma, who had overheard his last words, with the bitterness of disappointment. At this moment, she found herself really so ill, that she was obliged to go to bed.

Lewis, in the mean time, wandered wildly from place to place, in a state of distraction and despair. He went into the garden, but before he had walked twenty paces down an alley, turned sily back. He then retired to his own apartment, threw himself first on one seat, then on another, then hastened away to the apartments in which the company usually assembled. He there began to talk to some person; but broke his discourse suddenly off in the middle, then fixed his eye on another person, as if about to speak, yet continued silent; then leaning his head on the shoulder of a third, exclaimed, "O God! have mercy on me!" When he went into the closet, there stood the fatal cup, he gazed with looks of distraction on the cup, wrung his hands in despair; desperately seized the cup; but, as he had just brought it to his lips, again dropped it on the ground.

He thus passed two days in all the agonies of a suicide. He became every hour more distractedly wretched. He asked of every person, and most every minute, "how was Emma?" and turned away with indignation when told that she was but slightly indisposed.

The dreaded Sunday came. He went down from his own apartment; but dared not to enter the room of Emma. He walked backward and forward in the corridor which led to it; listening from time to time with eager attention. The door was at last opened, and Gertrude appeared.

"Dear Gertrude is she still alive?" "Thank God!" answered Gertrude, "her life is in no danger. Yet she is worse than when you retired last night."

"Worse!" cried he, "Great God!" He then ran once more to the closet. He gazed for some moments on the fatal cup. In a fit of despair, "O God!" cried he. He then struck his hands with violence on his forehead, and ran out. Meeting Gertrude as he passed; "She dies, she dies," cried he, "and I am her murderer."

He rushed down the stairs; took his horse; rode impatiently out of the court; and galloped away with an impetuosity that astonished and terrified all who beheld him.

Toward evening he had returned: and, in a tremulous voice, asked the first person whom he met, "Is Emma dead?" He was quite enraged when the man coldly answered, "I did not know that she was ill."

He entered the castle; and saw Emma standing in the saloon, but pale, and with a cast of melancholy in her countenance. The fatal cup was not now in the closet. Lewis passed the evening in suspense between hope and fear. But when the castle clock sounded the midnight hour, his joy rose to an extravagance equal to that of his former distress. Emma's coldness, and the ironical politeness with which she treated him, though

strikingly visible to every person else, did not fix his notice. He returned to rest, and enjoyed a refreshing sleep, with pleasing dreams. But sleep visited not the bright eyes of Emma. She passed a restless night, amid the anxieties of frustrated hope, offended pride, love and hate, grief and resentment. Next morning she looked so ill, that it might have seemed as if there had been actually truth in the prophecy.

Lewis approached her with the triumphant air of happy, contented love. He now, for the first time perceived her coldness and disdain. He complained, intreated, became first piqued, and at last seriously angry. Still fluttering about her, constant as her shadow. He tried all, to regain her favor; but in vain. There were, indeed, moments when she seemed to treat him with an air of friendliness; but he no sooner mentioned love than her eyes became dark, and her brow clouded. Sir Lewis strove for several days, but without success, to discover the reason of this strange alteration in her conduct.

About this time, Sir George Von Wallsdorff came into that neighborhood. He soon drew the favorable notice of all the young ladies. In the emperor's court, where he spent much of his time, he had acquired a polish and elegance in his manners, by which he was distinguished above most other young men of the same rank. He saw lovely Emma; and from that hour became one of her admirers. But he was not more successful than his rivals, in overcoming that coldness which had been, since the time of her indisposition, a distinguishing feature in her character.

Yet she, in secret, paid dear for her affected coldness, and for the vanity of having fancied herself dearer even than life, to her lover. Her heart still cherished a secret tenderness for Lewis, which mingling with her spite against him, severely punished herself for the sufferings which she had inflicted on him. In solitude, she frequently shed such tears as really fall from the eyes of a young beauty. True love she judged to be, with many others, a dream, and seated in her heart, only to render her unhappy. She rejected all those sweet illusions with which this sentiment is made to embellish life. She called tenderness and passion to an account before the tribunal of reason. She strove to suppress in her breast, that voice which for the sake of the felicity of the human life, should alone have the power to decide in affairs of love.

She thus became every day more reserved and incommunicative. She walked in the most solitary places, and strove to escape from every eye. Lewis still followed, to complain of her coldness; but she denied all pity to his complaints.

Von Wallsdorff also attended her walks, and endeavored to find her alone, that he might explain to her the cause of his love, and, if possible, win her heart. In vain. She forbade him not to love her; but forbade that he should intrude upon her retirement with the tale of his love.

In one of these solitary walks, Emma wandered on the banks of the Rhine. The wildness of the scene, and the noise of the river, diverted her imagination. She sat herself down on the cliff of a rock, and gazed on the foaming and eddying waters as they passed. Attempting to approach still

nearer, she put her foot on a stone which happened to be loose; it gave way, and she was plunged into the river.

She screamed aloud; but was hurried down the stream. Within a few moments she felt herself to be seized, detained, raised to the surface of the water. For some minutes her deliverer and herself struggled hard with death. They obtained assistance, and were brought to the bank alive.

"God be praised!" cried her preserver, who still held her in his arms. She revived; and perceived it to be Sir George Von Wallsdorff, to whom she owed her life.

He attended her to the castle. She turned her eyes from time to time upon him, with looks of grateful emotion. She mistook for love, the gratitude which swelled her heart. She fancied, that in him she had found a man who loved her more than his life.

Their conversation, as they returned to the castle, turned upon the circumstances of Emma's danger and escape, "How could you, Sir," said she, "throw yourself after me into the stream? How could you so eagerly risk your own life, to save mine?"—"Without you, lovely Emma, how should I have lived?" replied Von Wallsdorff tenderly pressing her hand. She would have answered, and would have told her lover, that he was also dear to her: but, at that moment, she felt her heart to breathe a sigh of regret, that it had been Lewis that saved her life.

A slight fever, the consequence of the accident, confined Emma, for some days, to her bed. Having, then, leisure to examine the state of her heart, she found that gratitude and esteem were properly her sentiments toward Sir George; while of Lewis she still thought with somewhat of the tenderness of love. But this last sentiment toward Lewis she determined not to cherish in her heart. "It is my duty," said she, with downcast eyes, to Gertrude, "to prefer the man who has given me such an unequivocal proof of his love," and then she suffered a deep sigh to escape from her bosom.

She pressed her hand on her heart, with a look of determined firmness. From that instant, she would no longer amuse herself with the rival attentions of her lovers. Lewis was formally dismissed. Sir George was openly received with favor. His softest smiles and tenderest glances were returned by her. He was even sometimes the subject of her tenderest solitary reveries. But the image of Lewis arose, at those moments much oftener upon her mind, and in a manner far more interesting to her affections.

Lewis, a stranger to Emma's secret sentiments, and marking only the mutual tenderness between her and Von Wallsdorff, relinquished every hope; and, one day, while they sat together, with an air of mutual intimacy, he approached, and with tears, cried—"Farewell, Emma!"—He offered her his hand, without trusting her eyes to meet his glance. She took it, and—unconsciously, it might be,—grasped it with a tender pressure, then let it fall. Lewis instantly left her.

Emma affected a degree of gaiety which secretly she did not feel. Von Wallsdorff endeavored to amuse her. She smiled; but soon, again, became pensive. They walked in the garden, and tried

little sportive diversions. They talked of happiness; and Emma often assured Gertrude, that she was happy, even while she spoke with an air of melancholy; and that as soon as her father, who was then absent, should return, she would avow her love to Von Wallsdorff, and give him her hand in marriage: "for, he loves me," said she, "he loves me more than his life." [Concluded next week.]

EXCESSIVE FUNERAL POMP.

[From REMER's Tour through Germany.]

A Burial, including the mourning for the whole household and relations, formerly often amounted (according to the rank and nobility of the family) to several thousand guilders, and those of less rank to several hundreds. At Frankfurt, in particular, funerals have been conducted with an uncommon degree of expensive solemnity. Several men, clothed in black cloaks, with an appendage of a black veil of about three yards long, forming a train behind, and sweeping the ground, were employed for the space of three days to invite about one hundred and fifty, or two hundred mourners, to walk in procession after the coffin. All the family, relations, and friends of the deceased in the same dress, with each a lemon in his hand, accompanied the corpse in to many mourning coaches. The bier was carried by twelve persons, who in their way to the churchyard, according to the distance, stopped at intervals in the open street, and uncovered the coffin, to expose the face of the deceased. A band of singers, three days preceding the burial, assembled in the streets before the house, chanting for an hour a solemn dirge. When the corpse was carried to the ground, the singers followed in a coach, and chanted round the grave. The crucifix was at all funerals carried before the corpse, without any regard to the particular religion of the deceased. That of a nobleman was conducted in the same manner, but with far greater pomp. It commenced in the night time at eleven o'clock, and all the mourners and choristers, amounting to several hundreds, with each a double torch in his hands, preceded the corpse.

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

The following is all the rage with the fashionables in London.

Gentlemen.—Blue coat made very scant, with pockets in the skirts, blue velvet cape, high up in the neck; pantaloons of mix'd broad cloth, made very loose, with pockets; Suwarrow boots all the vogue. An old black hat with narrow rim, constitutes the Gentleman.

Ladies.—Cambric muslin gown, scant, with full sleeves; black chip hat with colored ribbons, and white veil, some wear white ostrich feathers in their black hats, which has a janty air, and gives a handsome appearance.

REMARK.

THE fanciful ingenuity of mankind has shewn itself with its utmost variety in the article of a future state. The followers of each religion have formed a paradise to their liking; some of the plans laid down for the amusement of the blessed were extraordinary. That of Cetes was never adopted by any other religionists. After drinking beer most liberally, from the skulls of their foes, the saints were to rise from table, and hew one another to pieces with words and battle-axes. There was to be afterwards, a species of reviviscence, and then all hands to drinking beer again. The Puelches, a nation lately discovered in South-America, can have no objection to the former division of the Celtic beatitudes, for they expect that good men will be indulged with a perpetual state of drunkenness in the next world, and they honor their Supreme Deity with the name of "Soucha," or, "The God of strong drink." The more temperate Greenlanders content themselves with allowing to their blessed, plenty of the best train-oil to drink, and abundance of seals to hunt.

ANECDOTE.

SOME of the best French writers, acknowledge that good writing and preaching in France, took their rise from the efforts of the Calvinistical authors and declaimers, before whose time, their theological treatises were contemptible.—Oliver Maillard, a cordelier, was a celebrated preacher, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. He left two volumes of sermons in Latin, and in the margin of some of them, have been observed marks, whereby it might be known, when some particular action would add a grace to the delivery, and here and there the words "Hem, Hem," to point out where a cough might come in as an ornament.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO PEACE.

AWAY! dark fear, dire discontent, away!
No more to me your hideous form disclose,
Hence! all ye gloomy phantoms of dismay,
Ye baneful furies of all human woes.

Let Peace, on gentle wing, diffuse its sweets,
Diffuse its sacred power o'er all my soul,
And while my tongue thy joyous power repeats,
May Peace be mine till years shall cease to roll.

Calm be, whose soul, innur'd to man's false way,
Claim thee, O Peace! companion of his breast?
Can he, with hands uplifted, fearless say
That he, beneath thy wings enjoys calm rest?

Not sweetly-foothing Peace, thy dear abode
Is fixt with him whose foul disdains all vice;
Thou fleest, with rapid wing, the gorgeous robe,
Thy favorite haunts, remote from cards and dice.

Beneath the straw-thatch'd roof where Virtue reigns,
Where Love and Harmony in union dwell,
She rears her envious throne, for oft she deigns
To seek, regardless of the rich, the poor man's cell.

January 13. 1803. S. S. L.

WINTER SONG.

By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

DEAR boy, throw that icicle down
And sweep this deep snow from the door;
Old Winter comes on with a frown;
A terrible frown for the poor.

In a season so rude and forlorn,
How canst, how canst thou bear
The silent neglect and the scorn
Of those who have plenty to spare?

Fresh broach'd is my cask of old ale,
Well-tim'd now the frost is set in;
Here's a job come to tell us a tale,
We'll make him at home to a pin.

While my wife and I bask o'er the fire,
The roll of the seasons will prove
That time may diminish desire,
But cannot extinguish true love.

O the pleasures of neighborly chat,
If you can but keep scandal away,
To learn what the world has been at,
And what the great orators say;

Though the wind through the crevices sing,
And hail down the chimney rebound,
I'm happier than many a King,
While the bellows is low bask to the sound.

Abundance was never my lot;
But out of the trifle that's giv'n,
That no curse may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heav'n:

The fool and the slave gather wealth,
But if I add ought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
I've a mine that will never grow poor.

THE MOURNER.

COME, smiles! come, gay attire! and hide
The secret fang that tears my breast!
I'll lay my sable garb aside,
And seem to cold inquirers blest.

Yes,—I will happy triflers join,
As when grief's dart beside me flew,
And love and all its joys were mine,
And sorrow but by name I knew:

For health I saw in Henry's bloom,
Nor knew it mark'd him for the tomb,
Hard was the stroke,—but O! I hate
The sacred pomp of grief to show;

Thron'd in my breast, in secret state,
Still live the reverend form of woe:
For observation would degrade
The homage to her empire paid.

I hate the tear which pity gives,
I'm jealous of her curious eye;
The only balm my wound receives,
Is from my own unheeded sigh.

A face of smiles, a heart of tears!
So in the churchyard (realm of death)
The turf increasing verdure wears,
While all is pale and dead beneath.

BAKE ELBOWS.

AND what of bare elbows? Nothing except that they are very convenient for a jog, and very cool and airy in winter! As to their looks—why it is not much disgusting to expose an elbow, than a knee—and who to be in the fashion, would not expose a bare knee? O, it is charming to see an huge bare elbow, as rough and scaly as the tail of an Alligator, presenting a sharp angle at every corner of the house!—Hush, hush, man; why the English and French ladies go with bare elbows! and who in America has the effrontery to call their taste in question—or courage not to follow them? Why if it was the fashion to go with bare feet, it would be monstrous to wear shoes and stockings—And bare necks too how charming! At the nape—what a beautiful object that is—especially when presented to view by a huge pair of brazen shoulders! Nature indeed made the hair to cover the recesses of the neck, to hide the nape and a long spindle, and give the upper part of the body an air of symmetry; but nature seems mistook her business—her works are to be mend by fashion. Besides, why may not a lady lay bare her neck, shoulders and elbows, as well as a gentleman convert his hair into a crow's nest. Formerly tangled hair was the mark of a savage, or a clown; but now, what genteel and ornamental as a head of hair, frizzled and tangled, till it looks like a frightened owl. Lord, S. must not one be in the fashion? O, aye; to be sure. Yes, be in the fashion though it may make you as ugly as the devil. Tho' it may be somewhat inconvenient—the fashions of France and England cannot arrive and adopted in a week—and though it may be perfectly genteel in Europe to go naked in summer, yet it is very inconvenient, and somewhat dangerous in America, to be quite so genteel in winter. Witness the long regular consumptions in the weekly bills of mortality!

MONITOR.

TAKE a view of the ruins of Antiquity, and remember, O man, the frail state of thy mortality!—Art thou rich and great; is thy name known throughout the world and do thou lofty buildings aspire to the clouds? yet a little while, and thou shalt sink in dust! Thy edifices as thy monuments too, must at length decay, and leave no traces behind them!

Where now is Babylon? Where is the seat of Solomon? Where is wife Athens? and where ancient Rome, the mistress of the world? Where are those mighty cities once so famous upon earth?—Of some there is not left even a stone upon a stone, and others are remembered only in their ruins.

When an insubstantial pageant faded

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.

Be assured then, O man, who gloriest in thy strength and might, that there is nothing solid but peace of mind nothing permanent but Virtue; she alone shall last through the ages, and grow brighter through the endless succession of Eternity.

ANECDOTE.

A company of scholars, going a hunting, enjoined one of the company, who was usually very talkative, to preserve silence, or he would frighten away all the game. However, upon spying a number of rabbits, he vociferously exclaimed, "Ecce! MULTI CONNIVET!"—when they disappeared in a moment. Being chid by his companions, he replied, "Who the devil would have thought the rabbits understood Latin?"

SCRAP. FROM ZIMMERMANN.

PHILANTHROPY, however extended, will not silence the tongue of envy; for the jealousy of the world will attribute the best actions to interested motives. To avoid, therefore, the rancorous malevolence of envious minds, we must, with an exception of those whose virtue we revere, turn our backs upon mankind, and by retiring into SOLITUDE, prevent the appetite of Slander from growing by what it feeds on.

ACROSTIC.

LURED by a glance, a smile, a word, a nod,
Our fine ideas idolize this God;
Vows, oaths, epistles, oft persuasive prove,
Eyes are the sweetest harbingers of Love.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1803.

The city clerk reports the death of 25 persons (15 of whom were children) during the week ending on the 9th inst. viz. Of nervous fever 1, consumption 5, worms 1, fits 2, decay 2, small pox 1, old age, 1 hives 1, dropsy 1, asthma 1, ulcers 1, pleurisy 1, and 7 of disorders not mentioned.

On Tuesday morning, between 2 and 3 o'clock an attempt was made to break into the store of Mr. Paul B. Lloyd, No. 65 Water-Street, by cutting through the window shutters. A domestic being up, the attempt was fortunately frustrated. The instrument used on the occasion must have been exceedingly sharp and powerful, and of a peculiar construction. This notice is inserted to excite the vigilance of the Magistrates, and to place our fellow citizens on their guard against a Banditti, who appear recently, to infest this city.

DARING ROBBERY.

Monday evening between the hours of 8 and 9, the house of Mr. Willis, Tallow-Chandler, in Roosevelt-Street, was entered and robbed of between two and three thousand dollars in cash. A person, formerly in his employ, has been taken up on suspicion.

In the Senate of the United States, on the 30th ult, the committee appointed on the bill to carry into effect the resolution of congress for erecting a monument to the Memory of general Woolter, made a report by bill, enacting that a monument should also be erected at Raleigh, North-Carolina, to the memory of the late brigadier general Davidson, who died gallantly fighting for the liberty and independence of his country; and another at Sunbury, in Georgia, to the memory of the late brigadier general Scriven, who fell covered with wounds fighting for the liberties of these states.

THE GREAT FIRE AT PORTSMOUTH.

About 100 buildings were consumed by this dreadful fire. The loss in real and personal property has been estimated at 500,000 dollars. About 48,000 were insured in Boston. A large proportion of European and India goods, exposed to the fire, were preserved by spirited exertions.

The Governor of the Mississippi Territory (Wm. C. Claiborne) has received an answer from the governor general of Louisiana, resident at New-Orleans. It is said to be understood in some of the political circles, that the Spanish Governor has been so far from disavowing what has been done by the Intendant at New-Orleans with respect to the navigation of the Mississippi, that he has attempted a formal vindication of the Intendant's conduct. Gas. U. States.

Account of the capture of the ship MANTINOMO, in the port of Concepcion, South-America, written by Henry Perkins, one of the officers of said ship, who arrived at this port in the ship Citizen, Captain Blakeman, who took him out of a ship from Lima, bound to Milford-Haven.

Having completed the sealing business on the island of Massafure, and taking all our skins on board by the 28th of September, 1801, we left the above island for the port of Concepcion, where we arrived on the 25th inst. for the purpose of supplying the ship with provisions, and refitting her for the N. W. coast. Soon after coming to anchor the boat was hoisted out and manned, for the purpose of carrying captain Swaine on shore--on his landing on the beach, he was met by some of the Spanish officers and ordered on board, with which order he complied. On the morning of the 26th, a Spanish boat came off and informed the captain he had liberty to go on shore--the boat was then manned, but no sooner had he landed, than he and his boat's crew were taken by a guard of soldiers and conducted to prison; the yawl was then taken by the soldiers and carried to the fort--at the same time, they sent off a large boat full of soldiers and took possession of the ship; the officer who commanded this detachment, on his coming on board, ordered all the sails to be unbeat, and the cannon to be dismounted and sent on shore. In this situation we remained on board, prisoners, as the captain and they were ashore for the space of a month; at the expiration of that time, the Spaniards came off to search the ship; they began with fending all our skins on shore, after which they overhauled all our goods

which were intended for the N. W. trade, and sent them on shore; after they had got through with this; they plundered our chests and trunks of all our books, papers, sea instruments, charts, and several articles of our clothing, none of which they ever returned--After they had taken every thing from us, they sent us on shore, up to the city of Concepcion, where we were confined in prison up to the 19th of February--we were then ordered down to the port for the purpose of sending us to Valparaiso. On the 20th of February, 1802, the captain, with part of the officers, was sent on board the La Jupiter, a Spanish frigate--the remainder was sent on board the Mantinomo, which was manned with Spaniards, and the first lieutenant of the La Jupiter, as prize master. The same afternoon we got underway and left this port for Valparaiso, where we arrived on the 24th inst--we were then taken out of the ship and sent to the Castle of St. Joseph. After we had been here confined for about two months, we were told by the commandant of the port that we had liberty to leave the country. While we remained in the port we saw the American flag on board the Mantinomo hoisted union down under the Spanish colors. On the 2d of May we left the port of Valparaiso for Lima, where we arrived on the 23 of the same month--Here we remained until the 31st of July, 1802; at which time there being two American whalers about to leave the coast for Bristol, captain Swaine and two officers took passage in one of them for that port.

The place where captain Swaine was kept confined in Concepcion, was a small room built of mud and clay, with one small window in it with iron grates: he was never allowed to walk out to take the air, a thing so necessary in this warm climate, especially to men worn down, with fatigue and misfortunes--The consequence might have been fatal to some of us had we remained in confinement much longer. The crew of the ship were treated much worse, being thrown into prison with a number of convicts and murderers, and not allowed to come out--In this prison they had to cook, &c.; and thought themselves fortunate if they passed the day without being beaten by the soldiers with their drawn cutlasses.

FROM LONDON PAPERS.

A few days ago, when a young lady was going home by herself in the dusk of the evening, in Edinburgh, a stout fellow made up to her, and, presenting a dagger, demanded her money. The lady immediately replied, "O, Sir, you shall have my purse, it is not that I care for, but really, Sir, you have frightened me, that I shall not be able to make home; I must, therefore, insist you will take me under your protection, and I shall then give you most cheerfully." So saying, she laid hold of his arm, and he absolutely escorted her along Prince-Street, till she came to her own house, when she offered him her money, but he then refused accepting it, and left her.

On the 26th August there was the most dreadful storm of thunder and lightning ever experienced at Malaga. So strong was the electrical fluid that the bells in the churches rung as loud as if pulled by the rope. The torrents of rain from the mountains were so great that they carried every thing before them. There is an old bed of a river near the town, which has been long dry, and on which many houses, stables, &c. have been built. All these, with four men, several children sixteen oxen, thirteen mules, thirty-eight swine, and ten waggons, were forced into the sea. The bride in the town was broken, and the ships in port were driven out. The damages are said to be very considerable.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 1, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

The Lottery commences drawing in February.

SARAH TERRETT,
No. 320 PEARL-STREET.

Respectfully returns her thanks to her friends and the public in general, for past favors, and hopes for a continuance of the same. She has for sale organized Piano Fortes, elegant patent Barreled Organs, Guitars, and a large assortment of Violins, Flutes, Clarionets, Fifes, Balloons, Horns, Trumpets, Serpents, &c. a large assortment of fashionable songs, preceptors of all sorts; a plain and concise introduction to psalmody calculated for singing schools; the best Roman Violin Strings. Jan. 15.

COURT OF HYMEN.

SPARK of the alar-stopping flame,
That fumes before the throne of God,
First kindling man's innoxious frame,
In bridal Eden's new abode!

MARRIED.

At Newark, on Monday evening 27th Dec. by the Rev. Doct. Macwhorter, Mr. WILLIAM PHENIX, of New-York, to Miss MARY HEDDEN, daughter of Mr. Zadock Hedden, of that town.

On Sunday, the 2d inst. at New-Brunswick, (N. J.) by the Rev. Mr. Coes, Mr. ABRAHAM SIMMONS, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH WILMUR, of Spotswood, (N. J.)

On Saturday evening last, at Far-Rockaway (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. JOHN HICKS, to Miss PHOEBE HICKS, both of that place.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. ISAAC VAN DUZEN, jun. to Miss MARY SMITH, both of this city.

On Monday last, by the Rev Mr Hart, Mr ROBERT MITCHELL, of Longland, Cow Neck, to Miss PHAEB SEAMAN, daughter of John Seaman, Esq. of Westbury.

MORTALITY.

Life and the grave two different lessons give,
Life teaches how to live, death how to live.

DIED.

On Saturday, in the 61st year of her age, the Widow ELEANOR POLHEMUS, of this city.

On Wednesday morning, of a rapid decline, Mr. NATHAN B. PIERPONT, A 20, son of Mr. John Pierpont, of New-Haven.

During the last year, the deaths in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, were--adults 1422, children 923--total 2345.

THEATRE.

BENEFIT OF MR. FENNELL,

On Monday evening, will be presented, the COMEDY of
First Love.

To which will be added, (3d time) the FARCE of
The Wheel of Truth:

OR, THE TRIAL OF CHARACTER.
Written by JAMES FENNELL.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use a her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do. also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price--pints 1 dollar 25 cents--half pints 75 cents.

WANTED, to stilt in house work, a GIRL of about 12 or 14 years of age, either white or black, and who can be well recommended; enquire at this Office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

RUDIGER.

BY E. SOUTHEY. [Concluded.]

WHEN o'er the many tinted sky,
He saw the day decline,
He called upon his Margaret
To walk beside the Rhine.
"And we will take the little babe,
"For soft the breeze that blows,
"And the mild murmurs of the stream
"Will lull him to repose."
And so together forth they went,
The evening breeze was mild,
And Rudiger upon his arm
Followed the little child.
And many a one from Waldhuf walls
Along the banks did roam,
But soon the evening wind came cold,
And all betook them home,
Yet Rudiger, in silent mood,
Along the banks would roam,
Nor ought could Margaret prevail
To turn his footsteps home.
"Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger,
"The rising mists behold,
"The evening wind is damp and chill,
"The little babe is cold!"
"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
"The mists will do no harm,
"And from the wind the little babe
"Lies sheltered on my arm."
"Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger,
"Why onward wilt thou roam?"
"The moon is up, the night is cold,
"And we are far from home."
He answered not, for now he saw
A swan come sailing strong,
And by a silver chain she drew
A little boat along.
To shore they came and to the boat
Felt leapt he with the child,
And in leapt Margaret—breathless now
And pale with fear and wild.
With arching crest and swelling breast
On sailed the stately swan,
And lightly down the rapid tide
The little boat went on.
The full orb'd moon that beamed around
Pale splendor thro' the night,
Cast thro' the crimson canopy
A dim, discolored light.
And swiftly down the hurrying stream
In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer fluttering fast
Flapped to the heavy gale.
And he was mute in fullen thought,
And she was mute with fear,
Nor found but of the parting tide
Broke on the listening ear.
The little babe began to cry,
Then Margaret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice,
"Give me the child," she said.
"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret!
"Nor my poor heart distress....
"I do but pay perforce the price
"Of former happiness.
"And hush thee too, my little babe
"Thy cries so feeble cease:
"Lie still, lie still—a little while
"And thou shalt be at peace."
So as he spoke to land they drew,
And swift he slept on shore,
And him behind did Margaret
Close follow evermore.
It was a place all desolate,
Nor house nor tree was there,
And there a rocky mountain rose
Barren, and bleak, and bare,
And at its base a cavern yawned,
No eye its depth might view,

For in the moon-beams shining round,
That darkness darker grew.
Cold horror crept thro' Margaret's blood,
Her heart it quaked with fear,
When Rudiger approached the cave
And cried, "Lo I am here!"
A deep sepulchral sound the cave
Returned, "Lo I am here!"
And black from out the cavern gloom
Two giant arms appear,
And Rudiger approached, and held
The little infant high;
Then Margaret shrieked, and gathered then
New powers from agony.
And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds,
And with a strong convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.
"Now help me, Jesus!" loud she cries,
And loud on God she calls;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls.
And loud he shrieked, for now his frame
The huge black arms clasped round,
And dragged the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.

ANECDOTE.

THE ways of Paris say that the ladies there show every part of their person but their face; while those beauties, that used to be covered are displayed, the face is hid by a thick veil. We suppose that these elegantes show so much, that they are ashamed to show their faces.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

When decorating yourselves with the advantages of dress, examine one of the greatest ornaments of the person, that is much exposed and admired,

A CLEAN FULL SET OF TEETH,

Which may be acquired by applying to J. GREENWOOD, Approved Dentist, directly opposite the fourth end of the park, No. 13, fourth house from the theatre who with sentiments of gratitude acknowledges the patronage he has hitherto been honored with in the line of his profession, during sixteen years successful practice in this city.

He makes and fixes Teeth in many different ways, some of which are done without drawing the old stumps, or causing the least pain; they help mastication, give a youthful air to the countenance, and are indispensable to render the pronunciation more agreeable and distinct. J. Greenwood likewise prevents the Teeth from rotting, cleanses and restores them to their original whiteness. Those persons who wish to have information concerning their Teeth and Gums, will be informed with pleasure by J. Greenwood, gratis, whose candor may be depended on.

N.B. His prices are very moderate, that every person who applies for assistance may be benefited. Jan. 15. am

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M. NASH respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has made considerable additions to his Library, and solicits a continuation of favors. Some of the most valuable works received in addition, and which only can be enumerated, are the following, viz. British Zoology, 4 vols. Ladies Magazine, 3 do. Langhorne's lives of Plutarch, 6 do.

TERMS OF THE LIBRARY.

Per Year 3 dollars and 50 cents; 6 Months 2 dollars; per Quarter 1 dollar and 25 cents; per Month 62 1-2 cents.

Also a number of Stationary Articles for sale. Customers are requested to call only in the evening.

January 8, 1803 gm.

MINIATURE PAINTING.

P. PARISEN respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he continues to paint Likenesses in Miniature on moderate terms. From the long practice and the late improvement he has made in that art, he will engage the likeness to be the most correct and satisfactory. Specimens of his late Painting to be seen at No. 252 William-Street. N. B. All kinds of Devices elegantly executed with natural hair. Also, Landscapes and Historical Pieces painted on Silk for Ladies Needle Work, January 1, 1803.

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds.



N. SMITH, Chemical Perfumery from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfumery Manufactory, the ROSE, fourteen doors from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-lane, on the left hand, New-York.

The extensive art of Perfumery does not consist in flattering the sense of smelling. An artist should also understand the more elegant appendages of a toilet; and as much care is necessary to the preservation of the skin as to embellish it; a trifle diminishing or destroying its lustre; the complexion being undoubtedly the greatest beauty of the human frame.

Among all the innocent, salutary, and perfectly efficacious Cosmetics of Smith's preparing, improved chemical Milk of Roses, or Beauty's Preservative, holds the most distinguished rank, and is famed at every toilet of fashion in London, and from the great demand, will soon be so in America. That the public may no longer be imposed on by the trash under that name, Smith is determined not to sell any without his seal and name on the bottle in copperplate, warranted genuine, or taken back and the money returned. It is likewise of so innocent a nature, it might for its safety be used internally in the most infant state, it being truly deserving of the many impartial recommendations it hourly merits from the first of families, owing to the many excellent qualities which it possesses above any thing of the kind ever discovered. No wash was ever known to purify the skin equal to this. It cleans and preserves the most delicate complexion, keeps the lustre of beauty to extreme old age, makes the reddest and brownest skin, fair and white, unblemished by wrinkles, pimples, tan, morpewes, and every other deformity of the skin. It is exceeding fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, as it heals and takes off all smarting of the soap, and renders the face smooth and comfortable. Sold with printed directions, 6s. per bottle, small do. at 3s. Ladies that take the Milk of Roses by the quart will have an abatement. Smith would just mention, that his chemical Milk of Roses was highly recommended by some of the gentlemen of the faculty, who have taken the trouble to analyze this wash, and express their wonder that a thing so innocent should have such an immediate effect upon the skin; far above the imported washes, CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES, lotions &c. &c. without any of their dangerous effects.

For the Use the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81

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Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Aftic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Friezes, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swan-down and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 26 13 gm

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PLUMBER and PAINTER, No. 508 Water-Street, between Peck and New-Slips, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business extensively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured, equal to any imported. (3 Worms for Stills, Candle Moulds, and a general assortment of Pewter Articles. An Apprentice wanted to the above business. O.G. 16. 20 17

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"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO. 4.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1803.

WHOLE NO. 743.

THE TRIAL:

A TALE, — FROM LAFONTAINE.

[CONCLUDED.]

HER father came, a few days after this, at all gallop into the court of the castle. His looks, when he entered the saloon, where expressive of the deepest uneasiness and vexation: "Father! what is the matter?" said Emma.—"I am put to the ban of the empire!" cried the proud Lord of Hardenberg, in a tone of fury.

He had taken part in a conspiracy against the power of the emperor. That conspiracy was detected before its authors could carry it into execution. The chiefs, being princes of great power, easily escaped the ill consequences of this frustrated treason; but the emperor determined to wreak his vengeance on the inferior barons who had taken part with them. "Sir George," said the baron, "troops are already on their march to put the ban in execution against me. I am going to assemble my vassals. Baron Von Rothenberg comes to my assistance. You love my daughter. Receive her hand in marriage (at these words, Emma turned pale) and give me the aid of your own arm, and that of the armed followers whom you can muster." Von Wollsdorff flammered out something about his friends at court, and the possibility of pacifying the Emperor thro' their mediation. Mr. Von Hardenberg said, that he should be glad of such interposition in his behalf. "But in the mean time," said he, "we must defend ourselves till our peace can be made: you will not refuse me your immediate assistance?"—Sir George replied, that if he should take part in the rebellion, this might hurt the influence of his friends with the Emperor; and Mr. Von Hardenberg's pardon would become to much the more hopeless.—"That, also, may be," said Von Hardenberg, "retire you then to your own estates; I can easily defend myself, here, without your aid: but my castle will, for the present, be no convenient residence for females. You love Emma. My chaplain will, this day, join your hands. To-morrow, let her accompany you home. Von Wollsdorff replied, that marriage with the daughter of a nobleman under the ban of the empire would infallibly subject him to the Emperor's resentment; and that, however desirous of the felicity of being the husband of Emma, he could not think of ruining himself by an indiscreet marriage with her; which would both destroy his own interest for himself at court, and at the same time render him unable to serve Mr. Von Hardenberg there. "The court! the favor of the Emperor!" cried the baron, in a rage. "Holla! there! Saddle Mr. Von Wollsdorff's horses! Farewell Sir Courtier! make my respects to your friends at court; but let me never more find you within a league's distance of this castle: otherwise you shall feel that the ban of the empire has not unnerved the force of this arm!"

"The Emperor will avenge me of your ingratitude," said Sir George, with haughty irony. "I saved your daughter's life; and you dismiss me with insult: but I scorn your threats. Fare you well! Von Hardenberg!" So saying, he left them, with an air of proud scorn; mounted his horse, and rode away.

"What can this mean?" said Emma, as soon as she found herself alone. "Is this his love! He could, without hesitation, expose his own life to save mine. Yet, now, he even refuses my hand for fear of endangering his interest at court—an interest not indispensably necessary to his welfare—by the alliance! Did he then not truly love me? Or, would Lewis have acted otherwise?"—She was now absorbed in a reverie, from which the din of the preparations for defence could scarcely rouse her.

The Baron of Hardenberg's vassals assembled to defend their Lord. Stores of provisions were laid in. The halls and other apartments of the castle were filled with men in arms. The fortifications were repaired. The fortrefs, and all around it, assumed every day more and more a military appearance.

One morning, came a troop of fifty men on horseback, with waving banners. A trumpeter from the drawbridge requested admittance on their behalf to the castle. He was conducted to Emma's father, who happened to be with his daughter. "Sir Lewis D'Eichenlohe," said the trumpeter, "Learning that Baron Von Hardenberg is in danger, sends these fifty warriors to his aid; and would himself come if he did not fear that his presence might be disagreeable to the Baron's daughter."

"Disagreeable!" cried Emma, with animation; then suddenly stopping, she turned away her head, while her countenance was disfigured with a deep blush. "Your company is welcome!" cried the Baron; "and we will receive Sir Lewis with the greatest pleasure." The drawbridge was again let down. The troop of auxiliaries was admitted: and with this seasonable aid, Mr. Von Hardenberg found himself in a condition to await the approach of the troops who were to execute the Imperial ban, with much less solicitude for the event. Three days after this, came Sir Lewis himself, with a second troop of fifty men. Emma was too much affected to appear. The Imperial troops soon after besieged the castle, and gave full employment to the activity of the knights within.

If all the defendants had fought with the intrepidity of Sir Lewis and Mr. Von Hardenberg, not an individual of the enemy would have survived the first rally which the besieged made upon them. They were dispersed but they afterward rallied; and were reinforced by a considerable number of auxiliary soldiers from the Imperial cities. At the same time appeared an Imperial rescript, declaring all those to be guilty of treason against the Emperor who should have joined Baron Von Hardenberg, to resist the execution of the decree against him, and should not, upon this notice, retire with their vassals. This measure produced immediately the expected effect. Rothenberg the baron's most intimate friend, retired with all his followers, from the castle.

Yet Lewis still remained, and remained at the risk of seeing his lands laid waste, and himself put to the ban of the empire. Baron Von Hardenberg was, in consequence of a wound, confined to his bed. D'Eichenlohe alone inspired the garrison with his own courage, and directed all

the requisite measures of defence. A messenger came with a formal summons to Lewis to abandon the castle of Hardenberg, on pain of seeing his own laid in ruins. "Though it should be burnt to the ground," cried he, "this fortress I will not abandon."—In the evening, the distant sky was reddened to the sight by the flames of the castle of Eichenlohe. Lewis, from the windows of the Hardenberg, beheld the conflagration of his own castle and villages. A tear stole down his cheeks, but he uttered not a word.

"Take a hundred of our warriors, and cut in pieces those miscreant incendiaries," said the baron. Lewis started up to go; but his eyes turned upon Emma: she was oppressed with sorrow: "No," said he, "I cannot, for a moment, leave this spot: let them complete the mischief."

Baron Von Hardenberg had at the imperial court most powerful enemies, who had determined to consummate his ruin. New troops marched against him, with an order signed by the emperor, to put him to death, if he should be taken alive. The castle was now closely invested. The commander of the troops surrounding it, once more made offer to Sir Lewis of a pardon from the emperor, and the restitution of his property, if he would but abandon Hardenberg. The Baron himself pressed his gallant and generous ally to accept these conditions. Lewis looked on Emma.—"No: I will live or die with you!"—Emma felt, amid her distress, a delight to hear those words from his lips. Her eyes met those of her lover with an expression of tenderness which more than compensated for all the sacrifices he had made. "What!" said she, "George risked his life for me; yet refused my proffered hand. Lewis would have left me to die; and yet he truly loves me."

At last, the besieged remained without ammunition or provisions; and further resistance was impossible. Baron Von Hardenberg prepared to escape secretly. But he wished Lewis to stay behind, and still secure his own pardon, by delivering up the castle—"No! I will not quit you; I will attend you in your flight." They passed with lights, through the secret apartments which Lewis had formerly explored. Emma stopping by the tomb of her great-grandmother, exclaimed, "O Lewis! thy fidelity to us"—she paused—"has made amends for all," were the words which she had almost added. Lewis threw himself at her feet, and said, "Ah! that is little in comparison with three days suffering which I underwent on your account, and which this scene recalls to my remembrance!"

As they issued out by the extremity of the subterraneous passage, they found a party of the enemy waiting in ambush to intercept them. "Here Sir Lewis," said the commander, "is your pardon, signed by the Emperor: Von Hardenberg and his daughter are our prisoners."—"I scorn your pardon," cried Lewis, tearing the paper, "since they are not included in it."—"Take thy death, then, traitor!" said the captain, assailing him. Lewis parrying the thrusts, quickly laid him dead at his feet. With headlong fury, he next attacked the followers, who came on to